

## THE WEATHER CLERK'S DREAM.

How the wind sang in the eaves! A song  
That anon was cruel and cold and strong,  
And anon sobbed low in the dreamer's ears  
With a stifled pause as if hushed for tears!  
Sighing and sobbing and shrieking of snow,  
And the terrible storm of a year ago,  
Of the children lost in the drifts; the men  
On the plains who never came home again.  
The pilot-boats that were lost at sea,  
The street-cars lost at the Battery,  
The beggars lost in an alleyway,  
The women and children who knelt to pray  
In night—almost of the frenzied throng  
And, deep in a drift, were lost to earth.

The dreamer stirred and his breath came quick;  
He looked again where the snow whirled thick,  
Where the great white flakes had changed in a  
trio  
To piercing needles of driving ice.  
He looked again, and his blood stood still:  
He heard the wolves howl over the hill,  
Saw the horses pant as they ploughed through  
the night,  
While the driver's features were set and white,  
Heard the pitiful moan of a little child  
And the prayers of a mother rise fast and wild—  
Blizzard-bonded, in the plains astray,  
Miles and miles from the wanted way—  
He shrieked and woke in agony  
For the wolves leaped over the axle-tree.

Midnight out on the sea, the gale  
Tears at the fragments of a sail  
That flutter and wave, as in wild appeal  
To the straining sails and the groaning keel!  
Midnight under the leaden sky,  
The clouds like horrible shadows fly;  
Midnight and over the icy spray,  
As the long waves cover their prey,  
A human soul cries out in fright,  
And then the winds rave on to the night!

Where is the Cytherea, where are the tars  
That looked through the snow wrack up to the  
stars?  
Where is the statesman whose stately form  
Was the pride of the town before that storm?  
Where are the merchants who fought a track  
To their stores, and were lost in the driving  
wrack?  
Where are the children whose tender notes  
Were frozen like nestlings in their throats?  
Where are the snows frozen over?  
Where are the blizzards of yester-year?

J. P. B.

## AH! THE BLIZZARD.

New Yorkers Well Remember It's  
Call of a Year Ago.Few of Them Would Wish It a  
Regular Visitor."There Should Be a Prohibitory Tariff  
on Blizzards."

Do you remember the blizzard?  
Do you expect a blizzard this year?  
Were you caught in the blizzard last  
year?

What do you think of blizzards in gen-  
eral as a permanent institution?

Broker E. R. Livermore—Of course I re-  
member the storm, but we are not likely to  
have another like it. I stayed within doors  
while it lasted. As to having such blizzards  
as permanent institutions, I say no. A pro-  
hibitory tariff should be put on blizzards.

Banker Whiteley, of Prince and Whitley—  
I was ill at home at the time, and I consider  
that was my fortune. That was the best  
place to be during such a visitation. I don't  
want more blizzards.

Mr. Worcester, the well-known woolen  
merchant—I was out in it, so I think I re-  
member it. There ought to be an act of  
Congress prohibiting blizzards.

Banker Whiteley—I recall it, of course, as I  
was in the city. I trust we won't have any  
more blizzards. They are ruinous to busi-  
ness. I was lucky enough not to have been  
caught out in the storm.

Ex-Coroner Ellinger—I think we ought to  
have one of these storms every year. Of  
course I have not yet forgotten last year's  
blizzard. I fought my way through the snow  
and climbed up that ladder you see there.  
All the rest of the boys can reach the pack-  
ages without using the ladder, so they claim.  
I hope I won't be called upon to do the "lad-  
der act" during a blizzard this year. It's too  
hard to get to the office under such circum-  
stances.

Administration Clerk O'Brien—I haven't  
yet forgotten the blizzard, but do not expect  
another like it. I came down to the office  
Blizzard Day. I think we ought to have one  
of these blizzards every year. They purify  
the atmosphere.

John Thompson, the veteran fireman of the  
Surrogate's office—Oh, pah! I have already  
nearly forgotten the so-called blizzard. Why,  
that was only an April shower compared  
with the real storm which I experienced in '86  
along with Pelly Bates and Fan Reader. We  
were volunteer firemen and had a fire on the  
day I speak of. I wouldn't mind a gentle  
breeze such as we had last March 12, but a  
genuine storm such as we had in '86 would be  
a little too much.

Banker Grisold, of Grisold & Gillette—  
I remember not only the snow blizzard of  
last March, but also the financial blizzard  
that struck Wall Street, Black Friday. I  
don't think you have any more of either  
kind of blizzard for some time.

Banker P. W. Gallaudet—I recollect quite  
distinctly the blizzard of last year, and hope  
we'll not have another one this year. They are  
good for the health. They tone up a man's  
system. I was out in last year's, and en-  
joyed myself.

Recorder Clerk Fitzpatrick—Blizzards are all  
right—in Dakota. As long as they confine  
themselves to that part of the country I have  
no fault to find with them, but when they  
strike New York I kick. I remember last  
year's blizzard vividly that I hope we  
won't have another this year.

Broker Samuel Post—I remember the bliz-  
ard, of course. But I was fortunate enough  
to be away from New York at the time it  
occurred. I don't expect we'll have another  
like it for a good many years. I don't think  
much of blizzards as a permanent institu-  
tion.

J. O. Arnold—I well recollect there was  
such a blizzard, and sincerely hope we'll not  
have another like it.

Brother Schumaker—I believe such a bliz-  
ard did strike this city, but we don't want  
any more of them.

William Murray—I remember it well. I  
was out in it. I don't want any more of  
them. One is enough.

Lawyer W. C. Percy—Remember it? Well,  
rather. Why, I was on an L train that was  
stalled midway between two stations during  
four mortal hours. I don't anticipate such  
bad luck again for some time to come. We  
had blizzard enough to last a long time.

Daniel Conover, the railroad man—I re-  
collect the famous blizzard well enough.  
Another like it won't visit us, I think, for  
some time. I stay at my house at 1410  
till it is over and travel resumed. Some-

means should be devised to prevent its re-  
appearance.  
Broker Litch—I remember the blizzard  
that was in Orange at the time, and was  
snowed in the house for three days. We had  
to shovel our way out. Blizzards are not  
conducive to comfort.  
Assistant Administration Clerk Scannell—I  
should think I'd remember the blizzard!  
If we have any more of them we had better  
move to some other country. But that's an  
experience of a lifetime. I walked to the  
office in last year's storm. It was the only  
way to get there.  
Deputy Clerk Wolf, also Sergeant of Sev-  
enth Regiment—I think we ought to have one  
of these little storms every 12th of March.  
They wake the boys up. I was caught by  
last year's storm, so of course it made an im-  
pression on me. The impression is not quite  
distinct to-day, because I haven't quite  
recovered from the effects of the inaugural  
festivities yet.

Attache Robert Hastings—Do I remember  
it? Well, now, I ought to. I walked up to  
One Hundred and Thirty-second street right  
in the teeth of the storm. I am seventy years  
old, but am ready to repeat the performance  
whenever we have another such storm, which  
watched for some time, I guess. I don't  
object to blizzards.

William A. Hogan, of the Administration  
office—As I walked down from Forty-first  
street in the storm I think I remember it. I  
hope we won't have another blizzard again  
this year. Once in fifty years is enough.  
Thomas Marace, of the Surrogate's office  
—I was caught in the storm, so cannot fail to  
remember it. There'll be another this  
year. Blizzards are a nuisance.

Charles Golden, Jr., same office—I was on an  
L train that was blocked for five hours, so I  
can't forget the blizzard. Fortunately, I had  
some lunch and a bottle with me, and I  
suffer, but I'd rather eat my lunch elsewhere  
than March 12. Blizzards are uncalled for.  
Guardian Clerk O'Shaughnessy—There is  
business enough to attend to in this office  
without the interference of blizzards. I  
didn't get down during last year's storm, but  
I'll recollect it just the same. The boys in  
the office may not lower their heads to such  
cumbersome to get through the snow. I don't  
mind blizzards as long as I am not out in them.

Thomas B. Casey, the pride of the Bowery  
—I was coming home from a ball with a lady  
at 9 o'clock in the morning. The blizzard  
was just starting. We were nearly drowned  
by the snow. I don't want to be caught  
again under such circumstances, and I don't  
think we need worry. We won't have another.

Stenographer Enos McNamara—I was in  
the Equitable Building at the time. I walked  
up to Forty-third street in the teeth of the  
blizzard. As a lover of all that is beautiful  
in nature I enjoyed the phenomenon greatly.  
I'll never forget it. I hope to have a similar  
experience any day, though I hardly  
expect it will occur in New York.

Guardian Angel Cook, of the Coroner's  
office—I went home in the thick of the  
blizzard and there remains a vivid impres-  
sion. I don't think I like to see another  
one. I don't think such storms add  
much to the climatic attractiveness of this  
great and glorious city. They should be  
abolished. I don't think they'll be troubled  
by another such terror.

Coroner's Clerk Reynolds—I walked two  
miles through the blizzard, and therefore  
have good cause to remember it. But we  
don't want any more blizzards. They are try-  
ing to the nerves.

Process-Server Hawkes—Blizzards are good  
for undertakers. I think they are the only  
beneficial blizzards. I don't want another  
one. I kept out of the way of the snow  
within doors, which I think was a sensible  
proceeding on my part, don't you?

Banker Greaves, of the Board of Al-  
lizzard Day. I attended to business all the  
time the blizzard continued. But blizzards  
do not tend to facilitate business. We can  
get along without them.

Banker William C. Sheldon—Of course I  
remember the great blizzard of last year. I  
suppose if we have snow; sleet, rain and  
wind enough, we'll have another blizzard  
this year. If we won't.

Lawyer Delos McCurdy—As I walked  
down to my office in Wall Street, from the  
Park Avenue Hotel and back again, the day  
of the blizzard, I don't think I could forget  
it soon. It was a grand sight. I am an en-  
thusiastic admirer of the beautiful and  
sublime in nature, and I wouldn't have  
missed the blizzard for a good deal. It was  
an experience of a lifetime.

Banker J. Seligman—The blizzard made  
too great an impression on me to forget it.  
We'll have another blizzard like it, I think.  
One was enough.

Lawyer George McAdam—I don't think I'll  
forget the blizzard in a hurry, for I walked  
all the way from Chambers street to Jerome  
park in the teeth of it. I don't think I could  
forget it soon. It was a grand sight. I am an  
enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and  
sublime in nature, and I wouldn't have  
missed the blizzard for a good deal. It was  
an experience of a lifetime.

Judge Browne, of the City Court—I re-  
member the blizzard. I don't think I could  
forget it soon. It was a grand sight. I am an  
enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and  
sublime in nature, and I wouldn't have  
missed the blizzard for a good deal. It was  
an experience of a lifetime.

Equity Clerk Croker—I remember some-  
thing about the blizzard, but I don't think  
I could forget it soon. It was a grand sight.  
I am an enthusiastic admirer of the beau-  
tiful and sublime in nature, and I wouldn't  
have missed the blizzard for a good deal. It  
was an experience of a lifetime.

Docket Clerk Tully—I have a sort of dim  
remembrance of some such storm as you  
mention. I was out in it. I don't think  
we'll have another blizzard like it, I think.  
One was enough.

Docket Clerk Charles W. Paul—I remem-  
ber the storm, rather. I guess nobody who  
was caught out in it will ever forget it. I  
don't want to see another storm like it.

Docket Clerk Moses Levy—I remember  
last year's blizzard. I don't think I could  
forget it soon. It was a grand sight. I am an  
enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and  
sublime in nature, and I wouldn't have  
missed the blizzard for a good deal. It was  
an experience of a lifetime.

Deputy Clerk Seely—Yes, I well remem-  
ber the blizzard. I don't think I could forget  
it soon. It was a grand sight. I am an en-  
thusiastic admirer of the beautiful and sub-  
lime in nature, and I wouldn't have missed  
the blizzard for a good deal. It was an ex-  
perience of a lifetime.

Law Clerk Nolan—I think I can remember  
last year's blizzard. Everybody seems to  
have been more or less caught in it. My  
opinion of blizzards is that they are N. G. I  
don't expect this city will see another in a  
long time.

Chief Searcher Meeks—I remember the ter-  
rible blizzard of last March too well to wish  
to see another like it. I don't think we  
will have another blizzard like it, I think.  
One was enough.

Deputy Clerk Seely—Yes, I well remem-  
ber the blizzard. I don't think I could forget  
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## THE WORLD: TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1889.

## THAT WILD, WEIRD GUEST FROM THE NORTHWEST.



Note the Contrast Between His Presence at the Astor House Entrance a Year Ago and  
His Absence This Morning.

## THE FUNNY BLIZZARD. THAT CRUEL BLIZZARD. BLIZZARD ECHOES.

The Humorous Side of the Phenom-  
enal Snow Fall.Rare Good Humor That Prevailed  
Throughout It All.Pleasantries Indulged at the Expense of  
"Beautiful Snow."

But the blizzard did not down the spirits  
of New Yorkers.

There was a funny side—many funny sides  
to the situation.

London, from the ponderous Thunderer  
down to the "two-pair back" lodger,  
groveled and grumbled, and made itself  
miserable the other day over two inches of  
snow on the level.

But New York, buried under avalanches of  
the beautiful snow, laughed and jested, and  
grew fat with good nature.

A little Irish Mark Tapley, on his way  
down town to his work on a Second Avenue  
L train, which was caught between Riving-  
ton and Grand street stations, kept a carload  
of half-frozen men and women merry during  
the four hours of their captivity in midair.

He passed his old hat and raised a collection,  
which he lowered from the train by a cord  
fastened in his handy pocket. The attention of  
a man in the street was obtained. He took  
the money from the hat and in five minutes  
attached a big ball of beer to the string.

The beer was enjoyed, and afterwards,  
sandwiches, a bottle of "old pepper," cigars  
and cigarettes were elevated on a string.  
There were songs, jokes, stories and general  
hilarity.

This blizzard  
will go down to fame along with "Sheridan's  
Ride," "The Charge of the Six Hundred,"  
and other poems commemorative of occa-  
sions.

It was scrawled by an unused singer, on  
an amateur signboard stuck in a drift.

Another sign in a buried street read:  
"Closed till the Resurrection."

The hotels downtown were three full of  
people who couldn't get up town, and those  
who couldn't get down town.

"Give me standing-room for one night!"  
cried a tired traveler for a place of rest to  
the clerk at the Astor House. And a lady  
storm-bound on her way to the bedside of a  
sick friend, gladly accepted the accommodation  
of a chair in a bath-room.

At Currier's Fulton street hotel, a sign  
on the window on the second morning  
of the blizzard:

Yes, we are closed. No coal, no food—  
no money.

"This is so overwhelming," said Chauncey  
M. Dewey, as if his whole New York Central  
system were not paralyzed at all.

It is the first accident that nobody wears.  
It is the first accident that nobody wears.

The Liberty street ferry-house passengers,  
who couldn't get across the river, passed the  
whole night in dancing to the music of a half  
dozen harmonicas, which changed to be in  
the building, and bankers, typewriters, shop-  
girls, brokers, merchants and salesmen  
revelled, waited and polked with much re-  
laxation.

A job lot of beautiful snow for sale  
cheap, was the tempting offer posted on the  
sign set on the apex of a snow-covered  
Fourth street, and in front of a Fifth  
avenue restaurant was another: "Wanted,  
1,000 hands to chew snow," and added to the  
usual announcements before a florist's estab-  
lishment was this ironical line from a popular  
song:

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring!  
Ha, ha!"

"What did you do to pass the time away?"  
asked an EVENING WORLD reporter of a  
passenger who had been four days coming  
from Buffalo to New York on the "L." limited.

"Well, we took turns betting on the sex  
of the vestibule cars till the hot water gave  
out," he replied, lugubriously.

At the joke over which stricken New York  
laughed most heartily was a deathless one  
from the committee of citizens of Bismarck, Dak.,  
to Mayor Hewitt, offering financial aid to  
the city in distress, and the most unconsol-  
able victim of the blizzard, according to the  
most authentic statistics, was a man tied up  
in the Elevated railway blockade, who said he  
was sad because there was a note against him  
falling due that day and he feared it would  
be protested.

A signboard in a snowdrift in Front street  
said: "We will reopen July 4," but on the  
morning of Friday, March 16, the sun smiled  
back the never-fading smile of Manhattan's  
people, and everybody celebrated St. Pat-  
rick's Day in Fourth of July style for the de-  
liverance from the storm.

These Egyptian Flesh-Pots.  
[From the Legends Blatter.]

"The Egyptian collections here, my dear, are  
of the highest interest. For instance, look at  
those vases from the royal tombs. You must  
have heard of them?"

"Why, of course. Those must be the cele-  
brated flesh-pots of Egypt!"

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brated flesh-pots of Egypt!"

The Mournful Side of the  
Terrible Storm.Great Roscoe Conkling Meets the  
Face of Death.The Pilot-Boats Went Out to Sea Never  
to Return.

The blizzard left cruel marks along its  
course to be reminders for many a year of its  
terrible force.

Among its victims, first and foremost in the  
minds of the American people, was Roscoe  
Conkling, for, though his death did not occur  
until several weeks afterwards, it was the  
result of exposure in the storm.

Late in the afternoon of that memorable  
March 12 the great statesman, lawyer and  
man, having completed his usual day's work  
at his downtown office, set out for home.

There was not a cab in sight, and the stalwart  
man, indomitable of will and Herculean in  
strength, started on foot.

It was three miles to his house, but with  
his famous shaggy ulster buttoned to the  
chin and its broad collar turned up about his  
neck, Conkling, with a determined look, set  
out on his journey.

For three hours he struggled, and at last  
reached his home, almost exhausted.  
He paused a moment for breath  
and then plunged on across the park.

It was another hour before he reached his  
club in Madison Square, and there Mr.  
Conkling, weary and weak, related the story  
of his experiences. Blinded by the storm he  
lost his bearings in Union Square park, and  
was nearly exhausted when he stumbled into  
the right path. For a few days he was ill.  
Then he seemed to recover; but a relapse  
occurred and he died of an abscess of the  
brain.

On March 12, a year ago, the yacht Cytherea  
set sail from Staten Island for the Bermuda,  
her owner, Lawyer William A. W. Stewart,  
going on the yacht to sunny climes in search  
of health. Cornelius Smith Lee, of this city,  
accompanied him, and a crew composed of  
Joseph Phipps, Charles Svenson and six sea-  
men, a cook and a steward.

The craft has never been heard of since,  
and her people found graves at the bottom of  
the sea. When last seen she was off Barnegat  
Light.

Eighteen pilot boats of the harbor fleet  
were out in the blizzard, and the Exchan-  
ger, No. 18, and Phantom, No. 11, never  
returned. Their crews were lost, as were the  
pilots, Frederick Whitehead and John John-  
ston. At 4.45 o'clock next morning the mem-  
ory of these poor fellows were held Sunday at  
the First Presbyterian Church, Stapleton.

The schooner Mary Heitman and Edward  
Cooper, with all on board, were also lost in  
the blizzard.

George D. Barrenore, a hop merchant in  
Water street, set out from his mother's home  
in the Outburne Flats at 9.30 o'clock in the  
morning. At 4.45 o'clock next morning his  
frozen body was found by a patrolman. He  
had travelled only three blocks—to Fifty-  
fourth street and Seventh avenue.

James Reilly, a bright young newspaper  
man, was stricken down and died from ex-  
posure while making a heroic attempt to walk  
to Coney Island to confirm or deny a rumor  
that the Manhattan Beach Hotel had been  
blown from its foundation into the sea.

Six other men died from exposure in the  
storm, and the list of maimed and crippled  
reached enormous proportions.

One of the saddest phases of the blizzard  
was the milk famine, resulting from the  
blockading of the railroads and thorough-  
fares leading to the city. For four days no  
milk was received, and the suffering among  
the children in tenement-houses and districts  
of the poor was fearful.

Many deaths resulting among the weak little  
ones.

Avoid from the bigger troubles reported by  
the sufferers there was a vast amount of  
lesser troubles and an immense loss of  
money, health and comfort.

A LIVELY BATCH FROM LACKAWANNA.  
Had Missed Their Chances.

"Nothing ever comes amiss in this house,"  
said Mrs. Grudgely the other morning at  
breakfast.

If it comes amiss, it always stays that  
way," retorted Grudgely, with a mournful  
glance at his three marriageable daughters.

An Unseasonable Month.  
"What month is this?" asked George of  
his best girl about 2 A. M.

"March," answered the old man from the  
top of the stairs.

The Difference.  
"It's eating between meals that's giving  
me the dyspepsia," said Billous.

"It's working between meals that's giving  
it to me," answered Bunty.

A Remarkable Watch.  
"Hello, Jim; that your new watch you've  
got on?"

"Yes."

"Lemme see it. Why, I thought you said  
it was now?"

"The brand new. Carried it a week."  
"Get you, Tenner goes."

"Go you. Show up."

"Why, can't you see its second hand?"

A Retrospect of How We Fared in  
Last Year's Big Storm.Incidents of the Storm and the Storm  
Beaten.Phases of Metropolitan Life Under King  
Blizzard's Scourge.

The incidents were many. New Yorkers  
had probably never witnessed such a sight  
as the streets presented during the day.

Everything was abandoned. Street cars,  
beer wagons loaded with filled kegs, slaugh-  
ter-house wagons piled high with the car-  
casses of beef, broken-down hacks, broken-  
down delivery wagons and overturned milk  
wagons formed part of the obstructions in the  
streets. Snow had drifted around them  
mountains high.

Overhead were stalled elevated trains with  
loads of jostling, growling, cursing and all  
other kinds of passengers.

Maekens reaped a harvest. They charged  
enormous prices and got them. One man re-  
ceived \$50 for transporting a gentleman from  
the